

9/1/80

Dear Jodi,

There is a P.S. to your 8/27 that made Lil and me think there was a second page not included: ~~THESE~~ "Does Lil know about Barbara Fritchie" and nothing nelse. Not even .

Well, we both know about the local gal who made good. But not much more.

Art's rack about improving with age is good. As it applies to the marinade, my experience is up to six months, the longest I ever kept it. Improving with age applied to me is severely limited! But I suppose true in a few ways.

I'll learn more about the non-improvements tmorrow night. I'M being admitted to Georgetown Univ. Hospital in D.C. at noon tomorrow, to be followed by what is called, I think, an arteriogram.

My legs have not been working as well and my body has been asking for (and usually getting) more sleep, so I asked my local doctor to refer me again to the great expert who was the consultant in Nixon's case and he saw me a week ago today. With some of the new electronic gadgetry that is probably a form of sonar plus ultrasound he pinpointed the location of a partial arterial blockage in the left thigh. The purpose of the further examination, invasive as distinguished from non-invasive because a radioactive dye is injected in an artery and they shoot Xrays faster than 35mm, is to determine whether surgery is indicated and if not the nature and extent of the blockage for the future.

If no surgery I'll be out the next day. Lil and I talked it over and have decided that if surgery is indicated I'll ask them to go ahead with it pronto. Faster in, faster out - and determination to continue is not diminished with age.

I didn't bother to ask about the nature of any possible surgery so I can't explain. I suppose it would be in the nature of a repair of a part of the main thigh artery, which I understand is done by a variety of means, including plastic tubing and tanned umbilical cords.

If it should be done, why not get any benefit as fast as possible?

This specialist told me to push my walking again until I can make an hour without stopping. On the fifth day, despite pain, I made it. This morning it was a bit too much. I stopped after 50 minutes, thinking, from the pain and limping, I'd~~ex~~ better. However, yesterday, 6th day, I walked as far as from here to the superhighway, if you recall that. (It was all in the lane but I keep track by moving pebbles on the windowsill.)

Excuse the worse than usual typing. I'm catching up on correspondence while Lil takes a dip. I'll do that after another walk.

I've not been exactly a cripple. At my age I still take a mower into the woods, despite continuing record-breaking heat, and chop the hell out of big stuff for an hour at a time. Stuff taller than Art and thick, with a grass mower. They I remove it into fine mulch for rotting out and return to the soil. Couple of those a day plus walking more than an hour when the legs complain like hell ain't too bad for 67! (The sweats are tremendous. Sometimes take an hour to end, and I enjoy them, too.) The only really hard part is in the laundry dept. All those sweaty clothes.

If the office supply people don't get back to me before long I'll check with them.

Our best,